THE PACIFIC

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THE MASTER-PLAYER.

An old worn harp that had been played
Till all its strings were loose and frayed,
Joy, Hate and Fear, each one essayed
To play. But each in turn had found
No sweet responsiveness of sound.

Then Love, the Master-Player, came
With heaving breast and eyes aflame;
The harp he took all undismayed,
Smote on its strings, still strange to song,
And brought forth music sweet and strong.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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TIMELY WORDS.

In a recent sermon on "Christ and the Money Power," the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth church, Seattle, said: "Let there be no indiscriminate berating of corporations or trusts as the bitter foes of the common people. Thousands of these same common people are stockholders and millions would like to be. Let there be no foolish railing at wealth as though it were a crime. We would all like to be rich. The complaint is not that too many are rich, but that too many are poor. Nor should there be murmuring at the power of money."

Turning to the other aspect of the matter, Dr. Van Horn continued: "But if money is increasingly in the hands of the few and is cunningly manipulated for the few; if by reason of common interests there are developed common methods, combinations, schemes; and if these methods become increasingly dubious, ramifying in strange ways into city councils, state legislatures, trouble national politics and even besmirch the judicial ermine—then to the degreee in which these things are so, there is a money power, grim and direful, and every man who loves the commonwealth must with all the manhood God gives him hate it and fight it. It is recorded that Jesus overturned the tables of the money changers, and they crucified Him! But the spirit of Jesus must enter every banking room, every head office; and the presence of Jesus must be felt at every directors' meeting. When? Sooner than we think!"

All the foregoing by Dr. Van Horn is to be commended; but we wish to emphasize especially the part in which he deprecates the indiscriminate berating of capital and capitalists. Such words are timely. It has come to be the fashion to speak almost entirely on the other side in seeming forgetfulness of all the good that comes from wealth and men of wealth. We often wonder that men of wealth take so calmly the indiscriminate, injudicious utterances, by the pulpit and the press, concerning the use of money.

It is so much easier to preach than it is to practice. Perhaps a change in situation would change the views of some of these voluble speakers. We came across some verses not long ago that are applicable here. They were entitled "A Metamorphosis:"

"Oh, he preached it from the housetop and he whispered it by stealth,
He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful curse of wealth;
He shouted for the poor man, and he howled the rich man down,
He roasted every king and queen who dared to wear a crown.

"He bellowed for rebellion, and he said he'd head a band
To exterminate the millionaires, to sweep them from the land;
He yelled against monopolies, took shots at every trust,
And he swore he'd be an anarchist, to grind them in the dust.

"He stormed, he fumed and ranted, till he made the rich men wince;
But an uncle left him money, and he hasn't shouted since."

We do not know what it was that so changed this ranter. Perhaps it was the opportunity to live in the selfish enjoyment of wealth. Or it may be perchance, that he had an experience of the responsibilities and cares of wealth such as he had never thought possible to anyone. Perhaps there came into his possession some of the unproductive property here and there in the world, and he was brought to realize that houses and lands and stocks often look much more remunerative to the eye of the non-possessor than they really are.

Generally the income of people of wealth is largely overestimated by the public. A little property sometimes looks big to church committees and the representatives of those varied interests that are in need of money.

We are acquainted with a case in point. A mother came into possession of an estate a few years ago. The income from it was barely sufficient for the needs of an economical family when it was supplemented by what the father earned. Nevertheless the building committee of a church waited upon her with confident expectation of getting a pledge of one thousand dollars to the fund for the new house of worship that they were planning to build. The viewpoint of the building committee was different from that of the woman. They saw from the outside; she from the inside.

Perhaps the transformation was brought about in the ranter described in the verses quoted by his being subjected as a giver to comparison and criticism. He gave, but the measure of his giving did not satisfy the critical public, who berated him because with his possessions he gave no more than "John Doe" gave, who had naught but a salary on which to depend, and who perchance was better able to give out of his salary than he out of his landed estate.

But no matter what changed him, he was changed. That is the important thing for consideration. And it would undoubtedly be for good if other injudicious critics like him were to change. There has been too much howling down of the rich man of late. The country needs the rich man of the right kind, and there are not a few who are the right kind.

That was a wise remark which a workingman made in our hearing recently: "I have concluded to talk less about the gains of the capitalist. If the capitalist doesn't make something on his capital, certainly I shall not make anything. His capital must be employed if I am to have work."

Every trait that was found in Christ is worth cultivating in ourselves.

COMMENDATORY OF PRESIDENT TAFT.

We have refrained from joining the ranks of the critics of the President for the reason that it has seemed to us that no man in that office for many years has had quite so hard a job, and also because he has, in our judgment, done as well as any man could do in the circumstances. If Roosevelt had had the tariff to tackle he might have ridden into as much unpopularity as Taft has.

Thinking as we do we have read with great pleasure the following editorial in that magazine of exceptional high class—The Century. In the September issue, the editor, under the heading, "Two Strong Points in the President's Record," writes as follows:

"Some years ago a man who had been private secretary of one President, speaking in defense of the acts of another, said to the writer of these lines: 'In general, my experience leads me to sympathize with the man on the job.' By this of course he did not mean that the Chief Executive under discussion was entitled to the approval of his policies, but only to confidence in his patriotic motives, a patient hearing and the benefit of the doubt. He knew what was in Lowell's mind when he wrote concerning President Cleveland:

> Let who has felt compute the strain
> Of struggle with abuses strong,
> The doubtful course, the helpless pain
> Of seeing best intents go wrong.
> We who look on with critic eyes,
> Exempt from action's crucial test,
> Human ourselves, at least are wise
> In honoring one who did his best.

The President's notable accomplishment in procuring from a reluctant rather than a hostile Congress a large portion of his "legislative program" is now generally acknowledged. This success was due in part to the necessity that the party in power should have a record to present to the people; but the President in shrewdly urging this consideration, no doubt brought to bear the weight of his sincerity and his conviction as to the policies themselves. And yet if not one of the measures strongly favored by him had been enacted, and if he had simply made his official recommendations and left the issue with Congress, he would have stood morally in the same position. The fact is—and it is not complimentary to the legislative power—that the country has come to regard a President as its accredited and necessary lobbyist,—a view of relative responsibilities unjust to both branches of the government.

Without entering upon the wisdom or the constitutionality of mingling these functions, and with no intention of considering any partisan or even factional aspects of the work of Congress, much less of taking any such attitude toward it, we desire to call attention to the very great public service which the President has rendered on two leading questions, neither one of which now gives promise of forming a line of party demarcation.

We have more than once recorded our conviction of the overwhelming economic and social importance of resisting the theory of certain leaders of the trade-unions that there is a sanctity attaching to the rights of men who work with their hands above those of men who work with their brains. We have contributed something in the past to promote the welfare of the working-man and are sympathetic with everything that tends to better his condition on the basis of "live and let live." But the proposition to erect his craft into a class and give it certain privileges or immunities not accorded to other citizens is fundamentally tyrannical and un-American. The sympathetic strike and the "logical" boycott when they lead, as they usually do, to interference with freedom of contract, are simply other names for civil disorder. We do not know of any principle more worth dying for than the right of one man to work for another at wages that are mutually satisfactory. When one remembers how many politicians and newspapers have coquetted with the "labor" vote on this subject, too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the President's wise, firm, and consistent refusal to yield an inch of ground to the mistaken demands of those who would lead the laboring man to this precipice. To Mr. Taft's efforts alone is credited the reversal of the policy of the House of Representatives by which labor organizations had been exempted from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The narrow margin by which this was done—138 to 130!—accentuates the extraordinary value of the President's clear thinking and statesmanlike action.

The conservation of our natural resources remains the foremost non-partison question before the people, and here the President's policy and influence are entitled to public approval. It is not enough that the principles of conservation should be preached as a crusade and should receive, as they have received, popular approval; they must be incorporated into law. In the enactment of important legislation which ratified former withdrawals from settlement of public lands of probable value as coal or mineral deposits, or for the conservation of forests or water-power, and which officially conferred upon the Executive the right to withdraw other similar lands, President Taft's activity was determinative. Under this act he has already made secure against private "exploitation" the enormous total of 73,000,000 acres including coal lands, phosphate lands, and water-power sites, and in due time the profits on these natural resources will go to the people instead of to some people. Nearly one-third of this amount represents new withdrawals, the remainder being confirmations of withdrawals during Mr. Roosevelt's administration. The bill to appropriate $30,000,000 for the purchase of State or private lands for the conservation of water-power had also the active approval of the President, and is a first move in the policy which we have repeatedly urged of saving the forests of the East from destructive instead of national use. It has passed the lower house and, with his other conservation measures, should pass the Senate at the next session. To speak of the President as lukewarm on this question is not only foolish but wicked.

There probably has never been a President so misunderstood by the country or one by whom the popular tendencies and temper have been so misunderstood. Mr. Taft's methods are different from those to which we have become accustomed, but we have had glimpses of a hand of iron under the glove of velvet; and whatever may be the disagreement with his policies, in or out of his party, it is futile to assume in or out of his party, it is futile to assume that he is the servant of any special class or interest, or that he has any other purpose than the highest good of his country."

AN OCCURRENCE ON THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED.

It happened on the east-bound California Limited says a writer in the Interior. From their breakfast tables in the diner, the masculine passengers promptly foregathering in the smoking compartment of the Pullman. A man from Chicago and a man from Milwaukee were the first to settle theselves and "light up."

Then came a couple of young fellows, loud of garb and

louder of tongue, of that class of commercial travelers, happily rarer today than formerly, whose conceit and vulgarity make one wander how they ever either make a customer or keep one. Over their cigarettes they proceeded with the cheap sneers and coarse dnunciations of religion and the churches that may be heard from their breed even today. The man from Chicago and the man from Milwaukee moved uneasily, picked up their hats and magazines, and were evidently on the point of escape.

At that moment in through the curtained door stepped a big man whose bronzed and rugged face bore those unmistakable crinkled lines about the eyes that stamp the man who lives where he faces daily the glare of an unclouded sun reflected from heat-quivering stretches of burning alkali. Cigar and match in hand, he paused a moment to select a seat.

"Sit right down, stranger,'" said one of the young fools. "We've just been telling each other what we think about this stuff they call religion and about these fool churches that a lot of people are going crazy over today, and you can just open up and give us your views on the same thing, too."

The big man's crinkly eyes narrowed as he surveyed the speaker. His jaw-muscles tightened a bit. Then he spoke:

"If we're going to have peace in this smoking room, I reckon I may just as well tell you fellows straight from the shoulder, before I light up, where I stand on these things. I'm no church member, but I believe in God, I believe in the Bible, I believe in Jesus Christ, I believe in the churches, I believe in the preachers, I believe in the people that go to church— and I don't care a darn what you think about it!"

Without a word the man from Chicago and the man from Milwaukee set down their hats and magazines and rose and shook hands with the big man. Without a word the young fellow who had been denouncing the churches dropped his cigarette butt in the shiny nickel cuspidor and slid out through the door curtain, followed by his companion. They were seen and heard no more.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AND THE SALOONS.

Recently the San Francisco Chronicle based an editorial on the report that the Chicago Y. M. C. A., in order to reach the foreign population was holding classes in the back rooms of saloons. The Chronicle sought to justify the Association in such a course, saying however in that connection:

"These workers make no pretense of approving of the saloons, but they do not abuse their positions as guests to denounce their host on their own premies. They simply go there to do what they come to do, and go away at a reasonable hour. The saloon keepers do not object. On the contrary, they like it, for it doubtless brings custom. Those who come to study remain to drink, in spite of the fact that some of them doubtless in time cease to frequent saloons."

Not believing that the Chicago Association was carrying on such a work as reported, the editor of the California Christian Advocate addressed a letter of inquiry to the secretary and received answer as follows:

"The Chicago Association has never held any religious meetings in rooms connected with saloons. For the past two years, however, this Association has conducted classes in English for non-English speaking foreigners, mainly at South Chicago and among men employed in the steel mills. More than three hundred such men were enrolled in these classes this last winter. We use a short, practical method, which has been developed by our International Committee for teaching English to foreigners. These classes are aimed to reach the workingmen who would not respond to other educational opportunities. The classes in English are followed after a while by classes in citizenship and in American history. The type of men we reach will not attend a church, a settlement, or a regular Association building. To Americanize such men and benefit them in a practical way it is necessary to go where they naturally congregate, and adjust ourselves to existing conditions. These English classes were therefore conducted in employment offices, steamship offices, and in several cases in rooms back of saloons, or adjoining saloons. Those rooms were rented for the purpose and were controlled absolutely by the Association during the time our classes were in session. No beer or liquors of any kind were served in the rooms while we were there.

"Perhaps the editorial you refer to was based on a picture of one of these classes published by the Chicago Tribune, where several empty beer glasses were on the table. That picture gave a wrong impression, inasmuch as it was probably assumed that the glasses were emptied during the session of the class. This was never true, as the Association, of course, would not allow beer drinking in connection with any function conducted under its auspices. It is probable, however, that every man we enrolled in our classes was accustomed to frequenting saloons and drinking beer. Most of them have followed this habit from childhood in the old country, and they do not realize the injurious effects of drinking as others do.

"It is our hope to extend these classes in English and good citizenship out into the industrial districts, especially populated by non-English speaking foreigners. The Association believes that we are thus able to establish a point of contact with a large proportion of our population who are unreached by any Protestant religious force. This ministry of an educational nature is gradually regarded by these men as an expression of our religious ideals and objectives."

THE WORLD'S BEAUTY-SPOT."

W. N. Burr.

Artist Joseph Pennell and Mrs. Pennell are sure they have found "the most picturesque place in the world," and the Outlook's "Spectator" is quite inclined to agree with them. The Pennells tried to keep their discovery to themselves, by not naming the place when writing of it, for the magazines, articles charmingly illustrated by Mr. Pennell; but the pictures "let the cat out of the bag." A traveler who had read the articles recognized the original of Mr. Pennell's illustrations in Le Puy-en-Velay, five hours by train from Lyons, and Lyons eight hours south of Paris," according to the "Spectator."

It was the Outlook writer's pleasing description of this peaceful valley in Southern France that set my eyes to looking out the windows the other day. We are in a dreamy valley not in Southern France but in Southern California. No "quietly singing river" features the scene, and possibly "the most picturesque place in the world" demands a water-ribbon on which to string its paradise-beads; but with this single exception I wondered if the California valley might not prove a close rival of "rare Le Puy." Said a bright woman recently: "I was born in the East Indies, and have traveled almost all over the

world, and to my mind this La Canada valley is the world's beauty -spot."

You reach it by stage from Pasadena, a ride of only six miles. Cross the street in front of the Pacific Electric car barns, to the little candy store kept by a couple of Greeks, and you find the stage in waiting twice and at some seasons three times a day. It is a lumbering old "three-seater," drawn usually by four horses, and not so comfortable for frail people as an up-to-date automobile, but much more satisfactory for sight-seeing. The "slow coach" has its advantages. You will appreciate this fact if you are out for scenery and information, and your driver happens to be a good-natured talker. The "chauffeur" is comparatively a dreamy driver, gotten up to serve the present age of rush and strain; but the old-fashioned stage driver with a ready tongue is still the man you want when you are touring about in quest of the poetry of life.

You wriggle out of Pasadena into the open country, and presently drop down to the bridges that cross the far-famed Arroyo Seco. Nature is at home here. You become suddenly sensible of her domain. And you wonder if she has not opened the front gate and let you in upon her choicest plot at the very beginning of your visit. The poetry in your soul is all astir, when the driver coolly announces:

"This is what they call the Devil's Gate!"

You feel like choking him for his blunt sacrilege.

"If this is the Devil's Gate, where in the name of Diana is the Gate of Paradise?" you ask.

"Up the road a little further," quickly replies your man of the reins. "Ged-dap, there!"

Ordinarily a gash is not looked upon as a thing of beauty. But this great, wide, ragged scar cut deep into the earth has been transformed by nature's gardeners into a wild and woodsy sanctuary easily suggestive of Pope's line

"And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade."

The "forest" is not much in evidence, but the wonderful shrubby undergrowth and the scattering live oak trees seem hinting of arboreal possibilities tempting to the chaste huntress.

From the Arroyo you have a climb along a steep hillside, and then—Paradise! Nearby mountains to the right, nearby mountains to the left, and tucked in between these long sheltering arms, the child of their care, La Canada. In the winter when the rains fall the valley is one stretch of emerald; in the summer, during which there is no rainfall, the green groundwork of the valley coloring is dotted with spots of yellow and brown, the fulvous summer dress of barley fields. But grain growing is only incidental. The valley "ranchers" are fruit raisers.

Picture a life among orange and lemon groves, apricot, peach and fig orchards, and acres of vineyards! It sounds idyllic. It is idyllic to one who lives in the upper story of his being. "How foine to be a part of this pastoral scene!" sententiously exclaimed a jolly Irishman ane morning, as he mounted an old white horse and undertook to urge the antiquated beast down the road. He was a bright-visioned, "old-country" man, familiar with the classics, who had somehow drifted into this sheltered nook, and was employed by the stage owner as an assistant driver. There was always a wink in his eye. He never seemed to take hard knocks seriously. He was a true disciple of Theocritus.

But you must live with your upper windows open in La Canada as anywhere else, if you would keep the idyllic thrill active; otherwise the necessary labor on a fruit ranch will work through your weary body to your mind, and cause the usual depression of the overworked. La Canada is not a dream valley, it is not the home of lotus-eaters, though it is the perfection of a dreamy nook. Life is as real and as earnest there as anywhere; but with natural beauty for the eye, and fresh, invigorating mountain air for the lungs, one's days there may be filled with joy and uplift and a constant sense of the heart of things.

Centrally located are the church and parsonage, and across the road the school house, half hidden in a grove of live oaks. Not far away are two country stores and a blacksmith shop. As yet the La Canadans find place for no other public building.

You must remember that the newcomer almost always trips when he first attempts to pronounce the valley's name. Only the scholarly man, familliar with the Spanish language and watchful for the "tilde" will insert the y sound in his pronunciation of Canada. Many people find it so much easier to write an extra letter in the word than to place the accentual mark over the "n" that the name is frequently written La Canyada in these busy days; but you will rebel against this coarse Anglicizing and stand loyally by the original and more refined Spanish form if the aesthetic fires burn at all in your bones.

You will not be long in this mountain-girt valley before you will be hearing allusions to the "railroad" and the "good roads boulevard." If you are racked and riven with city noise and rush you will wonder why in the world the valley people are not content with their immovable mountains and untainted air and picturesque slopes, their great live oaks and glossy orange trees, their birds and flowers and—quietness! The quiet will be the pervading charm. It will keep you awake for a few nights—the dead quiet!—unless a mockingbird gets so full of song that, after an all-day tryout, he settles down to his full repertoire and sings all night long to test his powers of endurance and those of nervous sleepers. If you have the heart of a nature student, however, the mockingbird's nocturnal arias will enrapture you.

But the valley people, most of them are infected with the fever of restlessness, and clamor for a trolley line. Once in a while rumors of its coming fill the air, and faces fill with hope. But as yet it is only a rumor road. The old stage is in no immediate danger of being superseded by "the electric."

La Canada ought to be the home of artists, poets, musicians. One of these days it will be. There is inspiration for the finest art work in the shifting color schemes of the mountains, in the coming and going of the capricious fog drift on occasional "gray days," in the tender and varied greens of the innumerable trees native and cultivated. The gulches among the foothills are nature's choice storehouses. The bird chorus is unexcelled. Health, freedom, beauty, song may be had for the asking.

In the evening you will sit al fresco and watch the lights of the power-house and at the observatory on Mt. Lowe, the citadel of science that overlooks this and other nearby valleys. Frequently the great searchlight that blazed its way to notoriety at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and which is now one of the Mt. Lowe attractions, will send a shaft of light down from its mountain perch, and you may find yourself somewhat in the limelight before the show is over.

Shun questionable company. Remember, wealth is no surety for character. Gilded sin is not holiness, and the world knows it. Keep good company or none.

LOCAL OPTION FOR CALIFORNIA.

D. M. Gandier.

That the next legislature will pass a local option law now seems to be assured. In fact it is probable that no one will be found openly opposing such a law. Almost every other State in the Union where State-wide prohibition is not in force has a local option law, and nowhere is there any desire to return to the old methods of forcing saloons on unwilling communities.

In Nebraska they have a law which closes saloons at 7 p. m. week days and all of Sundays, and which enables the people of any locality to vote directly on the license question, the majority to rule. At the recent State convention of the Republicans and Democrats in Nebraska, not a word was heard against these laws. All were agreed that they were beneficial, and the only difference of opinion was as to what further steps should be taken to enable the people to restrain the liquor trafic.

The one State which has persistently refused to allow any local liberty on this question is Pennsylvania, and even there the opposition is breaking down before an enlightened public sentiment which indignantly resents the efforts of corrupt private interests to shackle the sovereign people. It now looks as if an effective local option law would be given to Pennsylvania by the next legislature.

California is not going to lag in the rear. Our citizenship is soundly American, and has always stood for government by the people. Long ago California declared for this principle by the adoption of a local option law, but it was found to be unconstitutional. Then a new constitution was adopted with provisions specifically inserted to enable every community to protect itself from recognized evils. Section 13 of the 1897 County Government Act was intended to put this local power directly into the hands of the people, but through careless wording of that section its vital paragraph was found to be unconstitutional. Manifestly Californians believe in local option, and that a bill of this kind will pass the next legislature seems certain. It is so thoroughly Californian that wise politicians will not oppose it, and any who do are likely to be run over. The people are going to rule, not only on the saloon question, but on every question, and they ought to.

Local Option Takes Saloon Question Out of Politics.

One strong argument in favor of local option is that it takes the salcon question out of local politics. Under existing conditions the liquor question is perennially involved in the election of city trustees and county supervisors. The result is an effort by the saloon element to dominate local politics. The saloons are often cursed for doing this, but so long as a few officials hold the life of the local liquor traffic in their hands, we can hardly blame the liquor men for seeking to keep those hands friendly. They are compelled to do so or go out of business.

Under local option it would be different. The question of whether or not licenses should be issued in any locality would then be settled by the people at the ballot-box. If a majority voted for license, then license would issue. If a majority voted against license, no matter how friendly the officials might be to the liquor traffic, they could not grant a license. Under such conditions there would be no legitimate reason for saloons interfering in local politics. If they wanted to be decent, the better the men that were put into office the better for them; for in case licenses were issued the saloon keepers would not then be held up for graft nor be annoyed by impartial police regulations. On the other hand if the majority voted against license and the liquor men intended loyally to submit to that decision, they would not try to put friends of the "blind-pig" in office. Hence under local option any interference in local politics by the saloons could only mean one thing, that they did not intend to submit to majority rule, or to keep within the bounds of the law. Thus they would be branded as un-American and unworthy of consideration at the hands of any good citizen. If the liquor men are wise they will favor rather than oppose a local option law for California, and will welcome the opportunity thus afforded them to get out of local politics.

Brewer Busch Favors Local Option.

Some of the far-sighted leaders among the liquor men have recognized this. Some time ago the Associated Press reported Adolphus Busch, the millionaire brewer of St. Louis, who has a palatial winter home at Pasadena, as saying that he favored local option and the closing of the saloons for part of every Sunday. The exact words attributed to Brewer Busch were—"I am in favor of local option. If a saloon is obnoxious to a community it should be voted out." A few months ago Captain Smith of Chicago, attorney for the Model License League, visited Los Angeles and addressed a committee of the City Council there on the license question. He declared that the Model License League favored local option, and did not want to see saloons forced upon any community where a majority were opposed to them. Is this heresy in the eyes of the Royal Arch, or will California's liquor men show that they have as much loyalty to American principles as have Brewer Busch and the Model License League? If they have they will not oppose the passage of a local option law by the next legislature.

Local Option and Local Legislators.

A strong argument in favor of a local option law is that it will save much time and trouble on the part of county supervisors and city trustees. Under existing conditions petitions and protests are constantly being filed and their consideration often takes a large part of the supervisors' time. If the people were allowed to settle the question at the ballot box the supervisors could then devote their time to many other duties that need their attention. Thus much hard feeling would be avoided, supervisors would be relieved of supremely unpleasant tasks and the best possible solution of the local liquor license question would be reached. For his own sake and for the sake of the people's business, every supervisor and city trustee should favor local option. It is the simple, practical, American method of settling the local liquor question.

THE EYE OF THE SOUL.

Rev. Frank Crane, D.D.

"The light of the body is the eye. If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."—Matthew 6:22, 23.

Some day or other, when I have plenty of time, I am going to write a book on the passages of Scripture that have been turned upside down, passages whose meaning has been reversed, and the world has gone on persistently understanding them the wrong way. This is one of them. Why should the good man in the prayer-meeting pray that he may have an eye single to the glory of God? Better have two eyes for the glory of God. He probably could judge things a little more discreetly if he opened both his eyes.

As a matter of fact, the whole trouble lies with the English word "single," which at the time this translation was made, had a meaning that it does not often have now. It meant whole, sound, good, healthy. That is all it means here. "If thine eye be a good eye, thy whole body shall be full of light." Notice, that fits well with the rest of the sentence—"but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." In other words, the prime necessity for a man is to have a good, sound eye, physically and spiritually; a good eye in his head if he is to be a good workman, a good eye in his soul if he is to be a good man.

The eye is the best feature of the face. It means more than any other. It is the window through which we see the soul, the casement out of which the soul leans and looks. The eye is to the face what a lake or a river is to a landscape, gives it life. The eye is more than a matter of appearance, however, it is the most useful of all the members, useful in the highest sense. The best things in art and in culture come to us through the eye. It is the doorway of all beauty. It translates the outside world for us, and takes the mountains and the hills and the forests and the blue sky and brings them into the mind, paints them there in living colors. It transplants the faces of our friends into our own hearts. It covers the page of a book and sucks the meaning out of the volume and distills it into the spirit.

We can get along without any other member of the body better than the eye, because we depend upon it so much. It is that which guides us through life. Suppose you were blind, and you sat here in this front seat, and I were to try to tell you how to get from here to the outside door. I could tell you just how many steps to take to the right, how many to the left, how far to walk in that direction and which way to go then, how many steps down, which doors to open, and so on. It would probably take me ten or fifteen minutes to explain it perfectly to you, and then, as you got up and tried to follow my instructions, how often you would have to feel your way, to revert back to the instructions I had given you, and even then you would stumble and halt and stop and think and probably run into a great many things before you arrived at the place to which you wished to come. Suppose you just had your eyes shut, however, all I would need say is, "Open your eyes, and follow your nose." How much simpler, how much better.

There is a faculty in the soul that corresponds to the eye in the body. This faculty you might call the instinct of the soul, the ability to perceive things morally. It is down below the brain; the brain hasn't anything to do with it; it pertains to the intuitions; to the moral perceptions, not to the moral conclusions at all. The shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Can you prove it? No, no one can prove that. Why? Because that is so plain there isn't anything plainer by which to prove it. It is an axiom. There is a faculty of the mind, therefore, that perceives and consents to an axiom. There is also a faculty of the soul that perceives and consents to moral realities. That is the eye of the soul, and if that eye be bad, how great is your darkness!

By the eye of the soul, in the first place, we perceive the distinction between right and wrong. Right and wrong do not consist in any catalogue, are not manufactured by this Book. Things are not right because God says they are right, not at all. They were right before God said so. He said they are right because they are right. Right and wrong were here long before the Ten Commandments, and if the Ten Commandments were to be erased from the memory of the world, right and wrong would still be. It is the intuition of the soul. Right and wrong are not in any creed, in any book of discipline, in any list of prohibitions and permisisons.

The law, as I read you here in the Psalm, is a lamp; it is not the eye; it simply sheds light. But what is the use of shedding light if you cannot see it? Now, do you understand what the psalmist meant, this old Hebrew, with his eyes wide open to God? "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

The ignorance that is to be feared is not the ignorance that consists in a lack of knowledge of the books, the lack of an education in geometry and algebra and English literature. That ignorance does not necessarily make anarchists nor evil integers in society. The evil that is to be feared is found sometimes in the endowed chair of the college professor, found behind the polished shirt front of the gentleman in society, found in the mayor's or the president's chair, the ignorance that cannot see the difference between what is right and what is wrong.

A man who endeavors to govern his life by any set of rules, finds himself at last hopelessly in a tangle. That fact is the source of strength of the Roman Catholic Church. It finds men and women everywhere confused, tangled over the instructions given, ready to throw up their hands in despair. What can I do? Where doctors disagree, who shall decide? How am I to tell what is right and wrong? Then holy church finds me, says you need not tell, we will tell for you, just hand it over to us." So the blind become the leaders of the blind. Christ, even, is not an outside leader of the soul. This Book is not a leader of the soul. Nothing, not even God, can lead the soul from without. The soul must be led from within itself or it shall fall into the ditch. Christ is of no use to you unless the Christ gets into you. God is of no value to you unless God has expanded your faculty of moral perception. This book had as well never been read by you unless it has opened your eyes and enabled you to see.

In the second place, all moral questions are necessarily beyond the intellect absolutely. Take it in the common moral small change of society and of our every-day life. What is modesty? Who shall make a rule for modesty? Who shall get up a little book in blue and gold that a young lady may study whereby she may know how to be modest? God help you! If there is no modesty in her, that hangs its banner on the cheek at an impure suggestion, what good can your rules do? Who shall tell a man how to be honest? Beware of the man whose motive is, "Honesty is the best policy." That is the most subtle of rogues. Honesty is not a policy at all; honesty is an instinct, it is a feeling; it is an intuition, not a conclusion.

One time Benjamin Harrison, one of the most upright of men that ever sat in the president's chair, one of the finest Christian gentlemen that ever lived, had an opportunity to make a profitable invest ment. His nearest friend told me the anecdote. The investment was perfectly right, perfectly proper, not only violated no law, but others who knew of the contemplated action of the government were making this same investment. It would unfailingly have prospered. The opportunity was offered Mr. Harrison. He said, "I will think about it." The next day he said, "I shall not do it. I don't say that it isn't perfectly right. I think it is all right for you to do it if you want to. I shall not do it just for the reason it doesn't smell good. And he didn't do it. There is real honesty, honesty that can tell an evil thing by the sense of smell, if you please, and does not argue it out by pros and cons.

Are you going to make a book to tell a man how to be kind, that he should treat his wife thus and so, and his chil-

dren and his cat and his dog? Can a man learn kindness from a set of rules? If there is no kindness in his heart, he had better give up the task or get some in his heart.

Are you going to learn courtesy from a book? I know some people that I think have learned it from a book. They are very funny, always will be funny. They never will learn it. It must be born in you, so that you shall be like Robert Burns, equally at home with the boor and with the noble, because you have a thoughtful, kind, considerate heart.

Now, you and I find our way through the moral intricacies of life, if we find it at all, as the bee finds his way home when he is loaded with honey. He rises and circles, then, he doesn't see, he doesn't hear, but there is something in the bee's bosom that tells him where home is, and he makes a "bee line." There is something in the homing pigeon that tells him whtre home is. If there is nothing in your heart that by instinct tells you where the right is, then your heart is wrong, and nothing that you can learn will supply that vacancy. All you can stuff into your brain will not fill the hollow in your character.

So it is with the questions of casuistry and conscience, things that are debatable, whether they are right or not. George Washington told a constructive lie when he left the camp-fires burning that he might deceive the enemy. The detective in ferreting out crime must deceive the man he is talking to. Is that right? Is it right to lie to save a life? Is it right to lie to protect a woman's reputation? Now, these things are not debatable. You must feel them, and unless we perceive them, let us not argue them.

So it is with amusements. There is only one thing to do in regard to anything, amusement or anything else, and that is, to open your soul's eye and look at it; that is all. What John Wesley's mother said to him was one of the wisest things a mother ever said to a boy. "John," she wrote, in substance, to him, when he was at college, "John, I cannot tell you, and no one can tell you what sin is; but whatever is sin to you, that is sin." That is perception; that is moral faculty.

This eye of the soul reacts upon the character just as your own eye reacts upon your countenance and your face. The eye makes the expression of the face. "He has a hang-dog look," we say, or, "He has an honest look." What you are doing with your eye all the time writes its lesson by and by upon your face; so with the eye of the soul. What you see makes you. If I talk with you five minutes and find out that you do not believe there is an honest man nor a virtuous woman, you don't have to tell me you are a scoundrel. Why, s-c-o-u-n-d-r-e-l is written in red letters on your brow. If you cannot see those things, it is because you haven't the faculty.

"Ah," but you say, "this is a very disheartening sermon. If the man isn't born with this faculty, then what's the use? How am I to blame for what I can do and can't do?" Now, there is more idiocy and more wickedness perpetuated in the world in this doctrine of heredity than any other doctrine I know of. The right man knows he can do anything. There are no moral impossibilities to a soul that may know God. No matter what your natural ability may be, or your natural temperament, or your natural gifts, if you will, you can have any moral faculty that you wish.

How shall I cultivate this faculty of seeing the beautiful and the good? Here is the recipe. St. Paul gives it in the Letter to the Philippians. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

That's the way to get the good; look at good people, look for good motives, seek for the beautiful and the high and the true in the hearts around you, and the eye thus learns to perceive them. Look for good men. Look for God. Have you ever opened your eyes to try to find him? Have you ever gone into the darkness where he dwells and tried to perceive God in yourself?

This is a wicked city. There are many temptations here for you, young man. You have come away from a happy Christian home, well guarded and cared for, and are now in the swirl of the mighty temptation of civic life; but oh, young man, I will trust you, I will trust you among harlots and thieves; I will trust you among rascals and scoundrels; I will trust you anywhere at any time of day or night, if, morning and night, you kneel down by your bedside and shut the eyes of your body and open the eyes of your soul and take a good long look at the great white throne of righteousness. Then you develop the instinct of the soul. Robert Browning has well expressed it:

"I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive, what time, what circuit first
I know not, but unless God send his hail
And blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling snow,
Sometime, in his good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird."

ON THE USE OF OTHER MEN'S THOUGHTS.

Rev. F. B. Meyer.

There is a regular and systematic use of other men's thoughts, which should always be going on, and without which our own mind will soon become barren and unproductive. In his "Ascent of Man," Professor Drummond quotes an interesting observation from the pages of Herodotus. When he was in Egypt, this close observer of men and manners observed that at a certain season of the year, the Egyptians went into the desert, cut off branches from the wild palms, and bringing them back to their gardens, waved them over the flowers of the date palm. Why they performed this ceremony they did not know, but they knew that if they neglected it the date crop would be poor or wholly lost. The true reason is now explained. The garden plant which bore the dates was the feminine, whilst the desert palms were masculine, and the waving of the wild branches meant the transference of the pollen dust from the one to the other. Similarly, we need the infusion of the thoughts of others to make our minds productive. It is not that we are to give them forth as we receive them; but that they shall stir our own minds to independent action, the joint product being different from what either mind would have elaborated from itself.

This is the true method of using other men's thoughts. Always have in reading, one or two thoughtful and thought-breeding books. If they are of a different school of thinking or order of mind from your own, so much the better. Read slowly, consider, ponder, criticise, and even antagonize what you read; have your note-book ready to jot down your first fresh impressions. I fear I have, comparatively speaking, read but few books, but a really strong book takes me so long to read, because from my habit of mind, I have to reflect a good deal on what I read. If you are going to preach to the same people for a succession of years—perhaps we should say, of months—you must en-

rich the soil of your mind and heart by taking in the thoughts of other minds. The farmer will tell you that if he does not put into his land as much as he takes out, it will soon become unproductive. The method of agriculture just now in vogue is specially insistent on the persistent and scientific enrichment of the soil. And the same law is operant with all who are perpetually raising crops of holy and helpful sermons, addresses and books.

Beware of always reading theological works They may be the easiest to master and assimilate, but they will not stir your mind so much as those which, because they lie somewhat outside your province, will arouse and task you more. Besides, you should be ever on the alert to get new points for the subjects you desire to unfold, new methods of approach to your hearers, and new illustrations; and you are much more likely to obtain these in works on philosophy, mental science and physical research. I never can forget the mental stimulus which I obtained from Mill's two volumes on "Logic and the Laws of Thought," never knowing which to admire more, the lucidity of this thought, his mastery over its expression, or the appropriate illustrations with which he made his meaning perfectly clear.

Volumes of history, travel, exploration and biography will yield handfuls of illustrations, which should be carefully garnered, transferred to the pages of the commonplace book, and indexed in such a manner as to be easily recalled, when their appropriate subject comes next to be considered. There is nothing more important than to know how to be able to lay one's hands on one's materials. We may have piles of suitable illustrations, incidents and poetry but if we cannot recall them when we need, of what use are they? One of the best methods I know, when the books you have been reading belong to you, is to note in the margin of a Bible kept for the purpose, the place where you may find some suitable illustration or remark or the same on a page of your note book. This habit, continued over a course of years, would give you a clue to the elucidation and lighting-up of many hundreds of passages.

Whatever you do, don't be always reading other men's sermons. These most easily and insensibly lead us on to plagiarism. Suppose, for instance, one should read that glorious sermon of Phillips Brooks on the Egyptians dead upon the seashore, or that sublime sermon of Mr. Spurgeon of "Deep Calling to Deep," it would be impossible not to wish to preach on the same text, but it would be almost impossible to do so without falling into their lines of thought. On the whole, it is better to read books out of which sermons can be made and are being made, than sermons which are as flowers produced on far-reaching radicles of thought.

I confess that I have learned much from the newspaper. The style of some of our older newspapers is admirable, and a model for clear and incisive address, whilst the daily life of the people, the letters from newspaper correspondents, the graphic reproduction of the most recent art or science, will perpetually furnish apposite and up-to-date material.

When the day arrives for the actual production of a sermon, it becomes the preacher to acquaint himself with the best thoughts of the best minds, before he sets pen to paper. I have always in my mind's eye that picture of Mr. Spurgeon requesting his secretary to lay out on an open ledge affixed to his library bookcase, all books bearing on a certain subject, and then walking quietly round, when his health permitted, noting down anything that struck him. A friend of mine spends Friday and Saturday morning in the library of the British Museum, where, of course, he is able to obtain everything in the shape of literature—though it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and so to overburden your sermon with quotations that there is no room left for your own thinking. But we should adopt in this, as in all else, the rule that thought is to excite thought and not to be bodily transferred. It does not seem to me necessary to load your address with the names of your authors except you give their exact words. The practice, doubtless, gives your hearers an impression of your wide reading and research, but since you do not go to the pulpit to magnify yourself, the less there is of this the better. It is not necessary either to explain all the steps that have led you to a certain conclusion. Give your people bread of winnowed corn; they will appreciate and thank you for it, but it is not needful to explain the processes through which it has passed, or the markets from which you procured it.

The one point upon which it is impossible to insist too much is that you thoroughly assimilate what other men have supplied. As the digestion of the mother assimilates every variety of food, and passes it on in the form of pure rich milk to the hungry lips of her child, so should we take into ourselves that which afterwards we are to impart to others. Too often, in his quotations, the preacher flings at his audience undigested material which is not of the same substance as the remainder of his discourse, and therefore, rather hinders than helps the entire effect.

I find that it is almost imperative to allow some time to elapse between the accumulation of material and the actual preparation of the sermon, that the process of mental digestion may be allowed to do its work. A day or two days are not too much, and by all means, include a night. I greatly believe in unconscious cerebration which is another name for mental digestion. At night, I have found most wonderful results achieved whilst I slept. If your material is in an undigested, disorderly shape when you retire to rest, you will on awaking, as like as not, find that the tangled skein will run as smooth as if touched by a fairy wand.

Whatever you do, don't be a plagiarist. "Thou shalt not steal" applies to sermons as well as coins or money. remember that the habit will grow on you, so that soon you will have lost all faculty for original production.

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The sixtieth meeting of the Association will be held in Plymouth church, Oakland, on Friday, September 9th.

The regular date for the meeting would be the 13th, but by making this change it will be possible for the Association to have present with it President King of Oberlin College, who has recently returned from the Orient and who will during the woman's hour give a missionary address.

The Association will convene at 2:30 in the afternoon, and will continue during the afternoon and evening. In the evening the Rev. C. R. Brown will give some of his observations in Japan. In addition to President King's address in the afternoon, there will be for consideration the theme: "What form of Service Ought the Church Render the Community?" The Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda and Mr. Frank S. Mulford, State Parole Officer, will speak on the theme, and there will be a general discussion afterward.

Just before supper the Plymouth Athletic club will give an exhibition basket ball game.

"Time is the chrysalis of eternity."—Richter.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Beulah Heights.—The Rev. Huber Burr held services at Beulah Heights last Sunday, and twelve persons expressed desire for the organization of a Congregational church.

San Francisco, First.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary. Next Sunday President King of Oberlin College will be in the pulpit both morning and evening.

Wyandotte.—The church building has been turned over to the Methodists and Congregational work in Wyandotte discontinued. The Church Building Society's claim of $300 has been paid.

Palo Alto.—With the opening of Standford a number of new people have joined our congregation. The Sunday school has been reorganized and starts on the work with new vitality. The pastor, the Rev. R. H. Campbell, is giving a course of Sunday evening addresses on "The Relation of the Kingdom of God to Modern Institutions." They have created considerable interest. The Woman's Association has printed a program of attractive subjects for consideration at its meetings for the year 1910-11.

San Francisco, Japanese.—An ecclesiastic council convened at the call of the Japanese Congregational church of San Francisco, at the mission house at 528 Devisadero street for the examination and ordination of Mr. A. Suyehiro. The Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond was chosen moderator and the Rev. N. C. Gause, scribe. Mr. Suyehiro, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, was freely questiontd by the council, and a program of ordination was arranged. At the ordination service hymns both in Japanese and English were sung. The scripture reading was by Rev. O. L. Corbin, prayer by Rev. G. A. Charnock, the charge to the church by Rev. C. C. Champlin, the right hand of fellowship by Rev. L. B. Briggs, the ordination prayer by Rev. W. C. Pond.

Oakland Fourth.—Many good things have come to us during the past week. On Wednesday evening, at the midweek service, we were interested by the splendid address on "NO Quest. No conquest," delivered to us by Rev. L. L. Wirt of the First Congregational church, comprising much of personal observation and experience. On Friday evening—the occasion being the annual reception to the church members and visiting friends—we were complimented by the attendance of two of our distinguished and beloved congregational ministers—Rev. Mr. Nash, of the Theological seminary, and Rev. Charles R. Brown of our mother church. Both spoke delightfully to us and about us, leaving an earnest desire in our hearts to merit all they bespoke for us in their splendid talks. After listening to their sincere words, we were convinced that our pastor, Mr. Maar, is indeed rich in that which counts for more than anything else—the love of his associates and friends. Seldom has the church looked more beautiful in its floral decorations, warmed by the soft glow from shaded lights, nor dispensed more loving hospitality to its guests. A rich and exceedingly entertaining program was concluded by a kind, earnest and friendly talk by the pastor to his people, whom we trust will warmly respond to his appeal in their behalf. The ladies of the church served the friends with refreshments and "sped the parting guest."

DR. ADAMS CRITICALLY ILL.

Thursday of last week the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams left his home in this city about ten o'clock in the morning to go to his study in the church building. Not returning at the time when he was expected to return his family sought for him near and far and finally found him about ten o'clock that night in an unconscious condition in their cottage at Mill Valley. Inquiry had been made at Mill Valley by telephone early in the afternoon, but word came back that the Doctor had not been there and that the cottage doors were locked. When late that night Mrs. Adams directed that the cottage be broken into he was found in so critical a condition that had the physician who was summoned been two minutes later in reaching him life would have been extinct.

It seems that Dr. Adams, not feeling equal to work in his study that day, had, as was his wont often in the summer time, gone to the more restful place—his cottage in Mill Valley and had been stricken there with some heart trouble.

Tuesday evening of this week there was a slight improvement in his condition. He is very weak and sees only the members of his family and converses with them but little.

Hearts everywhere will go out to him and to them in tender loving sympathy, and many will be the petitions that he may be restored to the work in this city and State where he is so greatly needed, and where God has given it to him for nearly fourteen years now to do a work far-reaching and abiding in its influence for good.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE.

A provisional program under the theme "Virile Christianity" has been issued for the annual meeting in Porterville, September 26-30.

The conference sermon will be on Monday evening by the Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento.

Tuesday morning there will be a "Bible Study" by the Rev. J. B. Orr of Santa Cruz. Tuesday forenoon will be given largely to organization and to reports from the board of directors and from the churches by the registrars of the associations.

That afternoon under the caption of "Personality," the Rev. F. L. Goodspeed, of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland, is announced to speak on "Strong Men for Great Tasks." And Professor Kofoid will speak on "Religious Conditions in the University of California."

Under the caption "Brotherhood" the Rev. R. D. Douglas of Oroville is announced to speak on "Two Equal Ten Times One."

Following this comes a "Men's Banquet." And that evening there will be an address by the Hon. W. H. Lewis of Seattle on "The Brotherhood Movement in America." Also one by Judge Wilbur of Los Angeles on "Moral Power in Public Affairs."

After the Bible study on Wednesday morning by Mr. Orr, the watchword is "Enterprise." And here will come: "Strategy in State Work," by the Rev. R. B. Dunlap of Tulare.

"The Church and the Rural Movement" by the Rev. R. B. Cherington of Sunnyvale.

Wednesday afternoon the American Missionary Association will have two addreses, Dr. Pond speaking concerning the California Oriental Mission and Secretary Hinman on the General Work of the A. M. A.

The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society will be represented that afternoon by Secretary Fisher, the Church Building Society by Secretary Wikoff, the American Board by Secretary Tenney, and the Rev. Dr. Theo. Clifton of Chicago, representing the Education Society, will speak on "An Inspiring Story of Heroic Service."

Wednesday evening will be given to "Conference Work through the California Home Missionary Society," for which a special program is in preparation.

After "Bible Study" and business on Thursday morning the Rev. L. B. Briggs of San Francisco will speak on "Church Men in Social Reconstruction." And Mr. H. R. Sprague of Sacramento on "Christian Men in Industrial Life."

Thursday afternoon Professor Rugh of the University of California will speak on "The Social Goal—A Perfect World."

Thursday evening Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland on "The Forces Available," and Rev. C. R. Brown on "The Personal Unit."

Considerable time is given throughout for discussion and business.

On Friday the Porterville church has arranged for an outing on the river for all delegates who will remain over that day.

Every church is entitled to at least two delegates aside from ministerial members.

If fifty certificates showing the purchase of full fare tickets to Porterville are presented there, a return fare of one-third will be given.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

At the union meeting held on Monday in the First Congregational church of San Francisco preliminary steps were taken for the organization of a Missionary Union to be composed of ministers and members of evangelical churches in San Francisco and vicinity. The intention is to confine the meetings strictly to missionary matters and to meet on the last Monday of each month. A tentative constitution was submitted which will be referred to committees appointed by the different denominations.

The Rev. Dr. George C. Adams and family were tenderly and touchingly remembered in prayer, and a committee was appointed to communicate with him and his family with expressions of regard and sympathy in these days of affliction.

Next Monday at the regular meeting of the Congregationalists the paper will be by President King of Oberlin College.

The Rev. Edward F. Goff, financial agent of Pomona College, was a visitor at the meeting last Monday.

PRESIDENT KING'S LECTURES.

The opening lecture by President King of Oberlin College, on the Earl foundation, Pacific Theological Seminary, drew a large attendance of interested listeners. He spoke on "The Guiding Principle in Human Development—Reverence for Personality."

The general subject is "The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times."

Inasmuch as several of these lectures are yet to come, we give the topics and dates:

1. August 29.—The Meaning of the Guiding Principle.
2. August 30.—The Moral and Religious Challenge of the Present External Conditions.
3. September 2.—The Moral and Religious Challenge of the New Inner World of Thought.
4. September 5.—The Lesson of the Historical Trend of Western Civilization.
5. September 6.—The Meaning of the Challenge in our own National Life—The New Puritanism.
6. September 8.—The Program of Western Civilization in its Spread over the world, or Reverence for Personality in International Relations.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Walter Frear, wife and daughter expect to start east next week, and will remain until after the National Council meeting in Boston in October.

The San Francisco Association will meet in Mill Valley on Thursday, Sept. 15th. The address in the evening will be by Prof. Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Northern California Conference of Congregational churches will hold its annual meeting in Porterville, Sept. 26-29. The first session will be on Monday evening.

The Century Magazine for September contains an excellent article on "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It is spoken of as "A Labor Union that uses the Golden Rule."

In the Century Magazine for September there is an article on municipal nonpartisanship in the city of New York which is full of hope for all American cities. The savings and gains during the first six months of Mayor Gaynor's administration furnish a very impressive answer to the despairing idea that nonpartisanship in local government is a dream of the idealist.

WOMAN'S BOARD ANNUAL MEETING.

Owing to the illness of Dr. Adams, the annual meeting of the W. B. M. P. will be held at Bethany church, San Francisco, Bartlett Street, near 25th, on Wednesday, Sept. 7th, at 10:30 a. m. Addresses by Pres. H. C. King, of Oberlin, and by Rev. C. R. Brown.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The next meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California will be held in Pilgrim church, Oakland, September the 15th. Sessions at 10:30 and 1:30. Further notice next week.

LECTURES BY PROFESSOR PATON.

About the middle of September, on dates to be announced later, Pacific Theological Seminary will furnish for the public four lectures by Professor Lewis Bayles Paton of Hartford Theological Seminary. They will be illustrated with stereopticon slides. Subects:

1.—Light on the Old Testament from Recent Archaeological Discoveries in Palestine.

2.—Jerusalem in Old Testament Times.

3.—Remains of the Graeco-Roman Period in Palestine.

4.—Jerusalem in New Testament Times.

Professor Paton is one of the foremost scholars in Old Testament History and archaeology, and speaks from personal experience of residence and travel in Palestine. He is a very interesting lecturer.

THE ATKINSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Dr Atkinson was a prominent figure in early years in Oregon, and it is fitting that a church should be established as a memorial of him.

He possessed not only great religious fervor but statesmanship, and was vigorous in fostering the industrial growth of the entire Northwest. He was the first minister sent west of the Rocky Mountains by the Congregational Home Missionary Society. From his arrival in Oregon City, June 16, 1848, to the time of his death, Dr. Atkinson took an active part in the development of the State. His death was the inspiration of an editorial written by the late Harvey W. Scott, of the Oregonian, which said in part:

"In all the industries of life Dr. Atkinson saw forces that contributed to the growth of the Kingdom of God He recognized it as a demand of this, our moral life, that human energy should exert itself in every direction to promote the growth of mind and soul, and part of his large idea was to refine, to spiritualize and exalt the multiplying activities and efforts called forth in the endless differentiation of modern life. . . All things to him were means to ends; and though he was one of the most spiritually minded of men, he never forgot that he lived in a world of affairs.

"Therefore, throughout all his ceaseless work for education, for morals, for religion, for the kingdom of God and the soul, the many-sided man was among the most earnest and active to press (of those who press) the advantage of developing the natural resources of the Northwest. . . He showed how the natural conditions of the country would be modified by human agency, as the industry of man came in as a reinforcement to the operations of nature. The elaborate articles published by him on this subject many years ago, read now in their fulfillment, would be a record of presciencs and forecast every way remarkable, and certainly without parallel here.

"All the work, as all the work of his life, was done without ostentation, without any kind of study to produce startling effects. He was a plain, simple and practical man, who harbored no visionary ideas, from whom no indiscreet utterances escaped, whose speech and action harmonized always with a quiet, yet firm demeanor. He feared God and he regarded man."

The Atkinson Memorial Church, founded in memory of Dr. Atkinson, has a building site in Portland on the corner of East Everett and East Twenty-ninth streets. It has called to the pastorate the Rev. H. G. Crocker of Brooklyn, New York, an assistant of Dr. Hillis in Plymouth Church. He will come to the field about the middle of September.

The Home.

EASY TO DRIFT.

Easy to drift to the open sea,
The tides are eager and swift and strong,
And whistling and free are the rushing winds—
But, oh, to get back is hard and long.

Easy as told in Arabian tale,
To free from his jar the evil sprite
Till he rises like smoke to stupendous size—
But, oh, nevermore can we prison him tight.

Easy as told in English tale,
To fashion a Frankenstein, body and soul,
And breath in his bosom a breath of life—
But, oh, we create when we cannot control.

Easy to drift to the sea of doubt,
Easy to hurt when we cannot heal,
Easy to rouse when we cannot sooth,
Easy to speak when we do not feel,
Easy to show what we ought to conceal,
Easy to think that fancy is fate—
And, oh, the wisdom that comes too late!

—Oliver Huckel.

STOP THAT THOUGHT.

It was in your mind all day yesterday and it made you perfectly miserable. Over and over again you passed through all the unpleasant scenes, heard all the cruel words that were spoken, suffered again all the painful feelings, and succeeded in spoiling all happiness out of your heart. Are you going to continue it all day today, and by so doing waste more of your life in the foolish, if not insane, habit of tormenting yourself now because some one or some thing made you unhappy in the past?

That thought has no more right in your mind than a hog has in your parlor, or a blacksnake has in your bed room. You may think you cannot stop it, but you can, as it is only a bad habit you have fallen into, and you must break it, or it will break you. You must get the mastery of your own mind, and the control of your own thoughts, and while it will be the hardest battle you will ever have to fight, it will be the most glorious victory you will ever win.

To be a slave to unpleasant thoughts is the worst kind of bondage, and sometimes leads to insanity; but to be able to think on any subject you please places your happiness in your own hands, and gives you a sense of power and independence which is not only delightful, but which enables you to develop your character and shape your life according to your own choice.

The insane mind acts without any control or direction whatever, and if any part of your mind is entirely beyond your control you are insane just to that extent; so no effort should be too great for you to make, that you may gain full control of your mind. If you are afflicted in this way, take the advice of one who has suffered and can sympathize with you, and resolve that you can and that you will undertake this great work, and keep at it until you accomplish it. If you have a bad case, and have indulged it for a long while, you will not succeed in a day, but after a few months' persistent effort on a well-formed plan you will be able to say: "I will not think on that subject now," and dismiss it as easily as Christ dismissed the devil.

When you begin this work, never shut yourself up in a room alone to brood or pray over your sorrow, but do those things which will make you forget it, live in the open air as much as possible, get acquainted with the birds, watch the clouds, study the flowers, talk to the streams or trees, and make companions of the wonderful works of the loving Father, which will help you out of yourself into the broader and sweeter life which they live. But if you cannot do this, have a book near at hand and compel yourself to read a few lines or a few verses, visit a friend, do some work that demands close attention, study a picture, and whenever the hateful, tormenting thought presents itself turn your back on it and your attention to something else, till you can say to it; "Not at home."—New York Observer.

THE LIGHTS.

I know the ships that pass by day:
I guess their business, grave or gay,
And spy their flags, and learn their names,
And whence they come and where they go—
But in the night I only know
Some little starry flames.

And yet I think these jeweled lights
Have meanings full as noonday sights:
For every emerald signs to me
That ships and souls are harbor near,
And every ruby rich and clear
Proclaims them bound for sea.

And all the yellow diamonds set
On mast and deck and hull in jet
Have meanings real as day can show;
They tell of care, of watchful eyes,
Of labor, slumber, hopes, and sighs—
Of human joy and woe.

O, ships that come and go by night,
God's blessings be on every light!

—J. J. Bell.

WHAT MOTHER TALKS ABOUT.

"It is so." "How do you know it is?" Because my mother says it is." Who has not listened to words like these, passing beween two children? Probably such an assertion has been made thousands of times in the history of the human race. The child's earliest criterion of truth is what mother says. And it is really a sad day in the experience of a boy or girl when the knowledge is forced home that even mother can be mistaken in some opinion she has expressed. Not untruthful, O, never that!—but just mistaken. Somehow, the foundations have been broken up; the child's little world does not stand firm anymore; it is the beginning of distrust. This is an experience which has to be gone through with, because the wisest of mothers are not infallible. Happy that one with courage to own up: "I was mistaken, my son. Mother always tells a thing as she believes it to be true, but even mother's opinion sometimes needs to be corrected." Such a woman holds her child's faith in herself unbroken, though he has found out the fact that she is liable to mistake.

This uttermost belief of childhood necessarily awakens thoughts in an earnest mother's brain which branch out in many directions from the central idea. Not only the reliability of that which she says, but the subjects mother talks about, become of vast concern. Naturally, the things which chiefly occupy her mind are the ones which come out in her conversation. If she realizes, however, that what she says in the presence of her children practically permeates the social atmosphere of home, and, entering by the ear into the children's heads, shapes in a good degree the character of their thoughts, she begins to understand how great importance attaches to her words.

This is no argument for what is known as "improving conversation." This is usually stilted and forced, and in the home, if anywhere, there should be freedom. But it lies within the province of what mother talks about to check, by example, any tendency to belittling or unworthy topics. The woman who runs to the window as a wagon drives by, and exclaims: "I wonder why John Green goes to town so often. This is the third time in two days. He must neglect his work. And he never takes his wife with him. They can't be very happy together"—the woman who does this may expect her children to grow up suspicious of others' actions, ready to impute bad motives, and equally ready to start gossiping stories, with or without cause. In the same category are the speculations on the financial status of others: "How much is he worth? What did she pay for that dress?" "I shouldn't think she could afford it." Still other subjects are fruitful of remark: "Mrs. Brown lets her Betty go walking with that Joe Henderson, in the evening, too! What can she be thinking of?"

But why spin out the paltry list? Yet who can deny that these, and kindred things, are what mothers do talk about in the presence of those young beings who are not only liable to catch up and repeat, perhaps incorrectly, what they say, but are bound to be influenced by their example? Children need to be taught a fine reticence of speech as regards that which pertains to the private affairs of others. So many things are done which, looked upon from the outside, may be misconstrued, but if thoroughly explained would stand in the sunlight of love. John Green may have legitimate business in town, which will pay him better than a few hours of work at home. He and his wife may be in such loving accord that she gladly remains behind to look after things while he drives away. Mrs. Brown may see that it will do more harm than good to restrain Betty just now—and Betty is really a nice girl. These are certainly possibilities. Anyhow, it isn't any of our business!

Perhaps that last sentence holds a key to what mother does, or does not, properly talk about. There is so much of good common sense in minding one's own business. That does not cut off kindly interest in one's neighbors, or kindly remarks about them, but it does stop the unnecessary and unkindly spoken criticism of them.

Now there are mothers who have fallen into these bad habits of expression without comprehending the hateful effects on their own selves and, much less, the results to their children. Is it not possible for such to retrieve themselves, and really change the tone of social conversation in the home? Certainly it is. It may be a slow process, it is sure to strain the mother's self-control, but the effort is abundantly worth while. I know of no better remedy than a practical application of the Golden Rule. When any remark rises to the lips, stop to think how one would feel if positions were changed about. Would I like to have such things said about my husband or my children, even if they appear to be true? Shall I not exercise the same forbearance I would wish from others? This is an excellent motive power, and, joined to it the good of those committed to the mother's keeping, it ought to work a gradual cure. But the mother must obey the rule, and therein lies her self-restraint.

There are other things mother talks about which are not invidious, but are harmful because they are petty—too much discussion of clothes, or of money, or of outward appearance, or of position, or of what people say. These are all opposed to the law of putting "first things first." They have some place, but the trouble is, they are given too large a place; they pertain to the outward shell, not to the inner kernel. Here the true mother needs to get her right sense of proportion. Mother's talk should not be all serious, but it should be all sane.—Helen Hawley in Zion's Herald.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.

Our Young People

THE BOY WHO TOLD THE THUTH.

Robert Livesly wanted many things, but of them all the one object that was most desirable, in his eyes at least, was a bicycle. Todd Raymond, the little boy next door, had received one from his uncle as a Christmas present, and had great fun learning to ride it during the holidays when there was no snow on the ground.

Now Todd was about Robert's age and his most intimate companion, and every time Robert saw him he thought of the bicycle so that he was almost continually worrying about it and wishing that his father would get him one.

As the case stood Mr. Livesly would have been willing to gratify Robert's desire, but his mother, like most mothers, thought that he was too young to be trusted with such a thing as a bicycle, that he would be sure to fall and hurt himself. She could not understand how Mrs. Raymond could allow her boy to have such a thing.

However an event soon took place which claimed Robert's attention and kept him from thinking about the bicycle much, although he by no means forgot about it.

The Christmas holidays passed slowly by and at last came that inevitable day, the day on which school reopens and which is greatly disliked by all school boys on that account. But this, too, passed and the month of January dragged slowly on. Now came the first really cold weather of that winter and with it snowballing, sledding, and a general good time.

Robert, however, could not help thinking as he went flying down the hill on his sled, "How much more fun this would be if I was only on a bicycle instead of a sled," and in fact his continuous talk had grown so bothersome that his father had at last been compelled to tell him not to say anything more about it.

The month dragged on and at last came to an end and the reports were given out. That night at the supper table Robert handed his report to his mother and sat waiting breathlessly for what she would say. "Why, Robert!" she exclaimed suddenly, "only eighty-five in deportment, I'm sure my boy can do better than that if he tries." "Well," replied Robert, "you can't help whispering once in a while, or shooting paper cards, especially when all the other fellows do. And then I don't tell a lie about it as some of them do. Still I think you can get better than that, and to help you along I have decided to make you this proposition. If you will get over ninety in deportment every month from now on to the end of the year, I will get you the bicycle you have wanted so long." With a coaster brake?" asked Robert, breathlessly. "With a coaster brake," replied his father.

Robert was now all joy and clapped his hands and capered around the room so that even his mother could not find the heart to raise an objection. He went to school the next day determined not to whisper a word the whole day. However, habits once formed are not so easily broken, and more than once he rememberd just in time to keep from speaking to Charlie Watson, the boy behind him. But the hardest of all was to keep from answering when he was spoken to, or to tear up a note passed to him and put it in his pocket. However, he fought bravely and in spite of several times when he was beaten by temptation he was able to bring home a report that month with ninety-two marked in the deportment column.

The next month, however, he had a new kind of trouble to deal with. The other boys had not been slow to notice the change in Robert's actions and began to call each other's attention to it, to call him goody, goody boy, teacher's pet, and various other names of the same kind.

Todd had noticed it also, but he had in him the natural reluctance with which one boy speaks of such things to another. At last, however, he did so, and Robert told him all about it. The same thing happened with one or two other boys, and finally quite a number came to know about it. Most of them stopped calling Robert names immediately, and some even tried the same thing on their own families with varied success. There were a few, however, who continued to annoy him on purpose, to make him fail.

The teacher on the other hand, who had also noticed Robert's change in conduct, complimented him on it, and he came near telling her the reason, but he did not for she was the teacher. If he had it would probably have been better for him in the end.

It was now easier for him, but he found that he was liable still to fall back into his old ways, and one month he barely made his ninety.

One hot June morning the teacher was angry over some trouble she had had and declared that if anyone was out of order she would take ten off his deportment. Now it happened that at recess that same morning Robert had a dispute with one of the boys and as a result came in very hot and out of sorts, and the teacher being out of the room one of the boys took advantage of the chance and crumpling up a sheet of paper he threw it at him, striking him in the face.

Robert was very angry at this and picking it up threw it back, without stopping to think what he was doing. The teacher, however, coming into the room at that moment, saw the paper fly without seeing who threw it. "Jerry did you throw that?" she demanded. "No, Ma'm." "Henry?" "No, ma'm." "Robert?" "Yes, ma'm," replied Robert resolutely, but almost bursting into tears, which, however, he held back. "Very well, sir, ten off your deportment."

Robert was almost stunned; was he to lose his precious bicycle after all? Perhaps he might get a hundred and the ten off would leave him ninety, or perhaps the teacher might not really take ten off after all. Still neither of these things were probable, and for the rest of the month he lived in intense anxiety.

At the end of the month he found that he was an honored pupil and would not have to take the examinations. Therefore he must wait three days for his report, and then if he had ninety in deportment he must wait another two days till his birthday to get his long-hoped for bicycle.

Three days later he went back to school and received his report, which he opened with fear and trembling. There was eighty-three in the deportment column. Seeing this he burst into tears, and running home to his mother sobbed the whole story out in her lap. That night they told his father and it was a gloomy party that left the supper table.

Two days later it was a very disconsolate little boy who came slowly down stairs to breakfast. It was Robert's birthday, but it seemed unlike any birthday he had ever had before. He turned the corner of the hall and entered the dining room, and there standing before him was a bicycle, a much better one than Todd's, in fact a better one than he had ever dreamed of, and there on the saddle lay a card on which was written, "For the boy who told the truth."—H. Hart.

TROUBLESOME SPELLING.

When "ei" and "ie" both spell "e,"
How can we tell which it shall be?
Here is a rule you may believe,
That never, never will deceive,
And all such troubles will relieve;
A simpler rule you can't conceive.
It is not made of many pieces,
To puzzle daughters, sons or nieces,
Yet with it all the trouble ceases:
"After C, an E apply;
After other letters, I."
Thus a general in a siege,
Writes a letter to his Lege,
Or an army holds its field,
And will never deign to yield,
While a warrior holds a shield,
Or has an arm to wield.
Two exceptions we must note,
Which all scholars learn by rote;
Leisure is the first of these,
For the second we have seize.
Now you know the simple rule,
Learn it quick, and off to school.
—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

VICARIOUS SUFFERING—A STORY FOR BOYS WITH A MORAL FOR PARENTS.

There was a district church convention in our village, and we had been requested to entertain at dinner two delegates. Just as dinner was ready to be served, they appeared. The lay delegate was a man of about medium height, very thin, with a solemn visage, and the expression of one who considers it a sin to laugh, and who, personally, has no temptation to yield to that sin.

The clerical delegate, well known in West Ontario, and whom we will call Mr. Dee, was a big, hearty, jolly-looking man, and his appearance was not misleading. The man of the house being away, Mr. Dee took the head of the table, carving the roast and waiting on the family and other guests as to the manner born. His conversation was most entertaining, and his stories kept every one laughing from the beginning to the end of the meal—every one except the lay delegate. One story I recall.

"One night," said, Mr. Dee, "my twin brother Tom and I, then lads of about fourteen, had been with father and the rest of the family to a tea-meeting three or four miles away. Father had brought the preacher home to stay all night. After family prayers, father went out to the barn to attend to the horses. The spare bed-room, which was down stairs, just off the parlor, was being newly papered and painted, and was not available; so mother had prepared our bedroom, which was upstairs and just over the spare room, for the preacher, and directed him to it. Tom and I were to sleep in the little room opposite.

"We were in wild spirits that night, and after undressing, engaged in an uproarious pillow fight, two of our younger brothers joining in the fray.

"Father coming in from the barn, came to the foot of the stairs, and told us to 'stop that noise at once.' We subsided for a few minutes, and the two younger boys went to their own room. Then we commenced a tusseling match, quietly at first, but as each became eager for the mastery, we made more noise than we realized, and again father's voice sounded from the foot of the stairs: 'Boys, if I hear another sound, I will come up and give you a good thrashing.' For some moments after silence prevailed. Then Tom, bracing his shoulders against the wall, planted his feet in my back, and giving me a mighty push, landed me in the middle of the floor.

"Upstairs came father, two steps at a time, his soul full of righteous indignation, and in his hand the hickory stick kept for emergencies. Tom and I ducked under the covers and prepared for the worst. It was dark. Father made straight for our room. 'I'll teach you to kick up such a racket, and the preacher in the house,' he exclaimed, as he pulled down the cover-lid and began laboring the unfortunate parson. The preacher was game; he ducked and dived to escape as much of the castigation as he could, but he made no sign that would give us away.

"In the morning, at breakfast, mother served up the old chestnut: 'Did you rest comfortably last night, Mr. Freeman?'

" 'Yes, thank you; as well as could be expected under the circumstances;' and he looked across the table with a laugh, and winked at Tom and me.

"Tom was in the act of drinking a cup of milk, and when little guileless mother, in regretful tones, said, 'I was afraid the boys would disturb you," we both exploded, Tom choking over his milk, and beating a hasty retreat from the table, while I, glad of an excuse to escape, nimbly followed after to pat his back.—Jean Amey, in the Christian Guardian.

ELIZABETH'S SECRET.

The man had never met Elizabeth, so I took him to call upon her.

"I'm glad to see you both! It is so good of you to come," she said, as she shook hands with us.

The call was pleasant. The man, who detests calls, came away reluctantly.

"She is the sort of a woman a man marries," he said, on his way home. "How do you suppose she does it?"

"Does what?"

"How do you suppose she manages to make herself so extremely attractive without being in the least beautiful?"

"It's her secret," I said, "but I'm going to try to find out."

So the next day I went to see Elizabeth. She saw me coming, and met me at the steps. "How perfectly lovely to have you again today!" she said, as she held out both hands to me.

"I have come to ask you a very personal question, Elizabeth."

"Take this easy chair. What a fan? Now, what is the question?"

"Why are you the most attractive woman I know?" I asked.

"You silly thing, I'm not!"

"You certainly are, and I've come to beg you to tell me the secret. Will you?"

"What a question!"

"I apologized.

"Don't," she laughed—"don't apologize. If I have, a secret you are perfectly welcome to it, you know that. And, reflectively, "maybe I have a secret, and I don't mind telling you the least little bit—really, I don't. You know, dear, I haven't any brains."

I tried to stop her.

"Oh, everybody knows that. I have no brains to speak of, no talent, no good looks, no figure. So," she pressed the tips of her fingers together and leaned back in her chair, "I had to do something to be anybody. When I was wondering what on earth that something was to be, I happened to meet the most charming woman I ever knew. She was a Southerner. She had brains, education, talent; she had traveled, she was beautiful. You can imagine how she made me feel."

Elizabeth shook a cluster of sweet peas from the jar of blossoms at her side, smelling them daintily.

"When I knew her better I told her how cheap, how absolutely worthless, she made me feel. She laid her hand on my shoulder, and said: 'Elizabeth, no matter what you can do or cannot do, you have it in you to be agreeable. Cultivate the art of being agreeable, and get along without brains, beauty or money.' " Elizabeth tossed the flowers away. "I wonder whether this is what you mean by my secret."

"Yes," I said, "thank you."

"You are welcome," she said—and she meant it. "Oh, must you go?"

On my way home I tried to remember one curt, rude, ungracious, irritable or vulgar word from Elizabeth's lips. I tried to recall an unpleasant or an unkind word or look. I could not. Elizabeth had certainly mastered her art. "If being agreeable made Elizabeth what she is," I thought "there is hope for the rest of us." And I told the man Elizabeth's secret.—Elmie Warner Mallor, in The Circle.

HIS FRIENDSHIP.

There is something infinitely attractive about him. He is, as it were, the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. There are no qualities which we want in a friend that he has not, and in the highest conceivable degree. We want constancy in a friend: he is constant. We want sympathy in a friend: he is sympathetic. We want comprehension in a friend: he comprehends, he is the only friend that never misunderstands nor misinterprets our character. More than words and deeds, we want self-sacrificing love in a friend: he is self-sacrificing love. Evidently to win his friendship would be worth giving up every other, and for him to seek our friendship, to choose us, and, at a great cost, to come and plead with us for an intimacy which is so one-sided, in which all the sacrifice is his, and all the gain ours—this seems to be the miracle of miracles.

He is a friend in need to those whose friendship is real to him. And, indeed, it would be cruel if the words meant anything less than we mean by "friend," for some poor soul might be led by them to really trust him and to be deceived. Could anything be more cruel and less like Jesus? He said "friend" and he meant "friend." He said "Ye are my friends," and he meant it. No **facon de parler,** but a simple term used in its plainest sense. R. F. Horton in Lyndhurst Road Pulpit.

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